

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

ELLEN ADAIR SEEKS UNCLE'S HOME, BUT FINDS HIM GONE

A Taxi Ride Through Philadelphia's Streets Brings New Surprises at Every Turn of Road.

Once on a time I had the smallest kitten, and its eyes were closed, for it was only four days old. A little village boy pulled its eyes roughly open—and the kitten died.

I know now how that kitten felt before it died. It must have thought the world a cruel place, and glad it was to leave it. My uncle awakened him, too. For when the lovely lady swept away—it was the kindest thing that she could do, poor soul—the sweet my child-ness along with her. My eyes were opened to a treacherous world, and deep down in my heart two feelings reigned supreme.

First was a trembling thankfulness that she had come. Then came a great deep pity for her pain, that swallowed all resentment and all fear. I knew her sorrows were unmatchable. Poor, lonely soul in that strange underworld, drifting among vague shadows, forms whose hearts have long since died—there no resurrection to a higher life! But in the sunlit spaces, children's voices call out in God's world as happy as heaven.

"Too late, too late!" I still can hear her cry. At length I rose from meditation there, and sought the railway station once again. I had escaped the greatest disaster, and nothing could harm me now. I hailed a taxi to convey me to my uncle's home, my shabby trunk was piled on it, and off we started.

NEW SCENES ALONG THE WAY. I noticed that the driver was a negro, and he wore no chauffeur's uniform. I missed the smart appearance of the London taxis, and the vase of flowers within.

This strange dark chauffeur drove so fast, and on a road that was all right-hand side. This was too much, I could not stand it any longer, and hung far out of the window.

"Please stop!" I cried to the chauffeur. "You will have an accident if you don't keep to the proper side of the road. Please cross over to the left at once!" The drowsy driver duly stopped, and shook his puzzled head. "Drive all right," said he in a soft, musical voice—a voice that seemed to hold the liquid melancholy of old slave days. "We will keep to the right side. It is the rule here."

I sank back in my seat amazed. Here the traffic laws must be the opposite of ours in England! Yet I could not shake off the vague surmise that we would shortly collide with something.

The policeman looked quite different from ours; they wore no helmets, but a peaked cap of the type our postmen wear in England, and many of them rode on horseback.

I thought the postmen did look strange—small carriers, I think the name is here. They wore straw hats with wide, floppy brims, dove-colored, and with suits of bluish gray.

We passed great shops in Market street—think they're called "department stores"—and great street cars clanged everywhere. They had no upper deck, these cars, but all must crowd inside. No one at home sits in a car in summer time, unless it rains. The air was damp upon the roof, to get the breeze and a view. I thought it must be dreadful, that warm July evening, inside those big red-tinted cars! Although they were so huge and long, I noticed they could turn around a sharper corner than cars of half their size in England ever could!

We turned sharply north from Market street and swung about in quieter streets. The taxi bumped and bounced upon its way, for the road seemed strangely rough and uneven. We rattled right across a railroad crossing, but I saw no railroad, and a great crowd of people, some in uniform, seemed so odd in those railway lines crossing a traffic-laden street. "I hope I get to Uncle's safe!" I thought. It was long just after dark, and darkness seemed to fall so suddenly, it seemed to me that in a few short minutes after daylight it was dark! At home we have a long, long twilight, and on July evenings daylight lingers on till 8 o'clock.

I saw the odder things on that long taxi ride—they seemed so strange at first to me, an English girl, but now I've grown accustomed to them all. We passed street after street of red-brick houses, with five or six steps leading down to the sidewalk. Nearly every white child sits out on these steps with well-dressed young, whole families sat there and faced peddlers. They even went further, for I saw many little children, some in uniform, some in civilian dress, and some in military uniforms, sitting on the steps. I thought the crowds of little children playing in the streets were just the dearest, merriest little things, I had ever seen. The curious style in which they had been crammed all round the back right close up to their ears.



MISS EDITH GILLETTE Daughter of Major Gillette, of the navy yard, is the charming subject of this beautiful photographic study made by the Evans Studio. She is quite a young girl, having made her debut only last year.

WOMEN USE FOOD MONEY FOR DRESSES, SAYS GROCERS' ORGAN

Wives Deceive Husbands by Deferring Bills With Tradesmen to Buy Pretty Clothes.

The high cost of living is sought but a myth. The prices of foodstuffs are cheap. The use of food money for dresses with that makes our provider so steep.

A habit of spending high cost of living money for personal adornment is responsible for a great deal of domestic quarreling, in the opinion of E. J. Buckley, editor of the Grocers' World, of Tenth and Arch streets. Mr. Buckley objects to what he calls the habit of some women to spend for clothing money given them by their husbands for household expenses. He believes in giving the grocer his due.

Philadelphia is singularly free from this type of woman, however, according to Mr. Buckley, and wives who are hitting big bills from their husbands may breathe his direction. She said she disagreed but for other large cities Philadelphia has hand-deceiving wives are few.

"This falling is an unusual phase of financial irresponsibility," Mr. Buckley said today. "I am in touch with about 70 grocers. Stories growing out of this fall are frequently told me. The husband and will try to get rid of it helped by whatever surreptitious means she can use. Some times she gets away with it, but more often she fails. Only a few days ago the wife of a professional man came to me and made a pathetic plea that she be given time to pay a grocery bill of \$200, for which she had received the money from her husband."

"She admitted she had spent it for her personal adornment, although her husband had fairly well provided for her in this direction. She said she disagreed but for other large cities Philadelphia has hand-deceiving wives are few.

"The trouble is that they have never been taught to systematic. Early large sums of money are handed them by their husbands and without realizing that the grocer's bill is a moral as well as a financial obligation, the temptation to dress beyond their means is yielded to. And the temptation invariably is fine clothes."

"Grocers having customers of this kind to deal with are advised by Editor Buckley to send their bills directly to the husband. The housewife may not like this, he said, but her resentment is the lesser of the two evils."

SOLDIER GETS OLD RING BACK Token He Lost Years Ago Found on Constellation.

CHEKIANG SCHOOLS GROW A report on education in Chekiang shows an extraordinary growth in the number of schools and students since the revolution of 1911. At the end of the Ching dynasty there were 190 schools in this province, with 7,411 students, which required an annual expenditure of \$32,000. In December last there was a total of 5,619 schools enrolling 273,704 students, nearly four times more than before the revolution. The increase of expenditure, however, has been only \$40,000. This rapid progress is credited largely to the encouragement and efforts of the former viceroy of Chekiang, Chu-ji.

TAILORED BLOUSE AGAIN RETURNS AS PET OF FASHION

Latest Favorites Made of Sheerest Materials—Collars of Various Designs Suit Individual Tastes.

The tailored blouse is coming in fast and furiously, but with a difference, otherwise we might turn out stereotyped and closet and wear the blouse of several years ago.

In the place of heavy linen and thick madras, or stiff taffeta, we have the sheerest of linens and satins and silks, such as crepe meteor, Georgette crepe, soft taffetas and satins and the still popular crepe de chine.

It is hard to foretell just how far the popularity of the "up to the neck and down to the waist" blouse will go. The open throat, even if it is only the smallest V, means comfort, and many women will refuse to part with it.

There is infinite variety among the collars of blouses, from the absolutely conventional variety, such as the man wear with soft shirts, to the upstanding, flaring collar, which leaves the throat bare in front.

Ties are used extensively, though they are not all fashioned alike. The yoke that is so shallow in front that it barely shows is largely used, while the yoke that reaches the natural waist length in front has smartness all its own.

The buttons are commonly used for a feature of the blouse and are covered quite often with the material of the blouse or they may be black velvet or of almost any ornamental material.

ENTERTAIN WOMEN'S CLUBS Bucks County Federation Guests of Langhorne Sorosis.

LANGHORNE, Sept. 21.—The Bucks County Federation of Women's Clubs was entertained today by the Langhorne Sorosis at their clubhouse, Mrs. Warren E. Tyson, president of Sorosis introducing the president of the County Federation, Mrs. Harry James, of Doylestown, who presided during the session. The Quakertown Woman's Club, Travelers' Club, of Bristol; New Century Club, of Newtown; Buckingham Chautauqua Village Improvement Association, of Doylestown, and Langhorne Sorosis comprise the Federated Club.

ICHTHYOL PRICE BOUNDS Asphaltic Material From Austria Scarce Because of War.

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EASIEST THING IN WORLD TO ACHIEVE TANGO FOOT New Cases of Ultra-modern Pedal Disorder Continually Reported.

Various persons have been learning of late that there are diversions as well as vocational maladies and that while with due discretion it is quite possible to avoid "housemaid's knee," "miner's elbow" and "writer's cramp," it may be the easiest thing in the world if one attempts to keep pace with modern social requirements, to achieve the "tango foot."

His wife snubbed by her neighbors His daughter turned aside from at church He himself blackballed at the club

A man in a small city tracked down the cause. He was square, clean and likable; well-known, with a charming wife and daughter, plenty of money, and yet—why wouldn't folks have anything to do with him and his? The man tells the story himself—see page 13



TAILORED BLOUSE WITH NOVELTY COLLARS

Asphaltic material from Austria is scarce because of war. The importation of ichthyol, a peculiar asphaltic material found in Austria, which finds application after appropriate chemical treatment as a very important medication, has been, along with many other products, cut off by the war.

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LEPER'S WIFE PROVES HER DEVOTION BY LIVING WITH HIM

Mrs. Norman Obtains Permission of the Wilkes-Barre Authorities and Will Rejoin Stricken Husband.

WILKES BARRE, Pa., Sept. 21.—Mrs. Joseph Norman has persuaded the city health authorities to permit her to go home and live with her husband, who is stricken with leprosy. She said she would rather risk becoming a victim of the dread disease than leave him alone to his fate.

Norman came to this country from Syria several years ago and recently left Wilkes Barre for Philadelphia in search of work. There he became ill. Not knowing the nature of his disease, he appealed the physicians of a hospital when he walked into the out-patients' room and asked for a remedy for a skin rash. He was sent back here by the Philadelphia authorities and confined to his own home, his wife being forbidden to enter.

The wife obeyed the order at first, but her love for the stricken man was too strong and she pleaded to be permitted to return to his side. At first the health officials were obtuse, fearing she would leave the house and spread the infection, but Mrs. Norman finally carried her point.

She pointed out that there was no one to wait on her husband and no one to give him the little attentions he needed. She would do all in her power to alleviate his sufferings, she said, and keep his path to the grave from being wholly gloomy.

AN IMMOVABLE REASON "Yes, I've made up my mind to get rid of that auto I bought from Pete Haskins. Guess I'll let it go for \$30 just as it stands." "What you want to do that for?" "Cause it won't move."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

J. Franklin Miller 1626 Chestnut St. Everything For House Cleaning, Brushes, Floor Mops, Brooms, Chamois Skins, Dust Cloths, Etc. AT THE Housefurnishing Store



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MERELY A GYMOSE This once was a brightly young name Who stayed one fine day far from home. But he got a large gnat. And a gnat, great and great. And no longer he cares now to groom! —New York Evening Post.

Opening MISS B. CHERTAK Millinery Importer 1229 Walnut Street Announces a showing of French Patterned Hats, also a large selection of carefully designed models from her own workrooms. Your inspection is cordially invited. September 24th, 25th and 26th